

# BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

VOLUME I. NUMBER 4.

LEXINGTON, KY.: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1886.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1 PER YEAR

*Charles K. Moore*  
Editor

A Lexington Correspondent Writes About Beards.

The BLADE has received a copy of The National View, published in Washington City. It contains an article written by Mr. John Mc Murtry, of this city, on "The manner of wearing the beard as an indication of character." The main point in the argument is to demonstrate that the wearing of the "mustache alone" is an unfavorable indication of character.

Much has been said about the manner of wearing the hair and the beard in all ages, but I think no moral importance attaches to it, other than that to which Lord Chesterfield allude when he says of the dress that it should be such as not to attract attention. The beard is worn in so many shapes now that it can hardly be alleged of any one style that it makes a man conspicuous. In my early boyhood the wearing of beard was so uncommon that a certain man of this vicinity who wore a beard was looked upon as a curiosity, and even he would not have dared to wear a mustache, because of the popular sentiment against it. About the time the fashion of beard wearing was taking place, I suggested to a gentleman afterward President of Kentucky University, who was suffering from some bronchial trouble that he should wear beard. He declined to do so on the ground that it would make him conspicuous. He afterwards told me that the style of wearing beard was becoming so general as to remove his first objection, and afterward wore beard until his death.

There has always been an immense dogmatism on the subject. Tertullian, an early Church historian, said that "a man who cut off his beard lied to his own face and tried to improve upon a work that his God had made perfect," and quoted the Jewish ordinance against marring the corners of the beard, while the term "barbarian" was applied in contempt by Greek and Roman writers to the rude nations that wore beards.

The Nazirites, a Jewish sect, to which Sampson belonged, wore their hair and beard long, and yet St. Paul says that "nature teaches that it is a shame for a man to wear long hair." George Washington wore his hair plaited down his back, but would have scorned the idea of wearing any kind of beard, especially a mustache; while Mr. Cleveland shingles his hair and wears a "mustache alone." As a question of taste and morals, it is perfectly arbitrary; while as a question of health and comfort, men should wear their beards long in the winter, and cut them short with scissors for summer. As a question of neatness, any gentleman wearing a long mustache should carefully use his napkin at table.

Reflections on Congressman Rankin's Death.

Representative Rankin, lately died in Washington of a protracted illness which was known to his physicians and himself for a considerable time beforehand as necessarily fatal. His language, in anticipation of his death, was so remarkably cool and deliberate, that those who heard him thought he was joking, though he earnestly declared that he was not.

I do not know what his religious or philosophical opinions may have been, but it is highly probable that a man in his position intellectually, must have had some decided convictions regarding that most wonderful and interesting of all phenomena, death. It is strange how little this most interesting question is discussed in any secular journal. It may be said that as viewed from any secular standpoint it is shrouded in mystery, and it is; but investigation and free interchange of thought have penetrated and elucidated many things before thought inscrutable, and always with beneficial results; and I can see no good reason why men who take pleasure in probing into all kinds of abstrusities should stand silent in contemplation of death, as if they supposed it could be robbed of its supposed horrors by ignoring it. I think it probable that this field of thought is that which the philanthropist may cultivate with greater yield of human happiness than any other. There is no doubt that

the fear of death is ordinarily an alloy of human happiness, as it is contemplated remotely; that does not seem to be realized by the most of men when the event is evidently at hand. All men are entitled to their convictions upon this subject, and it is a bad policy to discourage free exchange of sentiment about it. The most that any man can say about it now, with the light now before us, is that he honestly believes certain things about it, and nobody but a dogmatist will claim to know about it. If it be true that the human mind is indestructible, and can survive the dissolution of the body, and that in some kind of an existence more similar than anything else that we know of, to that which we experience in our dreams, we may meet "beyond the river" and "know each other there," it certainly is a thought as well worthy of the animadversions of secular journalism as the dreams of poets and artists, about which all delight to express their appreciation.

Evidently there is something hidden and suppressed about this, and from some cause the press has been intimidated and "muzzled." Such a state of affairs is not wholesome, and adherents to the theory of immortality damage their arguments whenever they discourage free discussion of the subject.

If the idea be not true, no wise man will say we are justified in deluding ourselves about it, and if it be true, quasi argument against it will just as much establish its truth as that directly for it. This was the reasoning of Gamaliel, and an astute teacher of mathematics would congratulate himself upon the opportunity to instruct his class, if some bright boy should really believe, and undertake to prove, that the three angles of a triangle were not equivalent to two right angles.

If this be not true, and the investigation can be conceived as demonstrating the philosophy of the French revolutionists that "death is an internal sleep," I must confess that I see nothing horrible in the idea. If a man does not now regret that he did not live a thousand years ago, I can not see why he should fear that he might not be living a thousand years in the future from now; since there is no reason to suppose that the annihilation of the future would be any more uncomfortable to him than that which he has already experienced in the past.

It is to this it be answered that a future annihilation involves a separation from friends and a sundering of cherished ties that were not involved in the past annihilation, it is rejoined that just such a sundering of all these relations occurs every time a man falls into a profound sleep, for then certainly there is no appreciation of difference between friend and foe; and yet sleep is a condition of existence which men court, and prize just in proportion as in its deepness and intensity it approaches death.

It seems philosophical that in neither of those views of death is there anything to warrant its dread. But there is a third alleged condition of existence after death, and that is the one of everlasting misery, known as hell. Of those who accept the theory of the immortality, the large majority profess to believe, and are reasonably supposed actually to believe, that the future existence is a state of happiness or in one of misery, is contingent upon certain things in life over which some allege that all men have control, while others allege that they have no control; or but partial control. Now either these things are true, or they are not true, and are propositions of more momentous import, by a thousand fold, than the discussions of politics and finance that fill the columns of our papers, and it is not the part of wise men to wait the advent of some Sam Jones sensation list to tell as about them. I do not know about them, and desire all possible light concerning them, and think that I but utter a sentiment that is common among men, and yet rarely expressed because of some unfortunate embargo that has been laid upon free speech in that line.

To suppose that any man wants to deceive himself, or be deceived by others upon these points, is to suppose him the veriest fool in the world, since no man is so stupid that he may have about him need at all restrain him in any course of conduct that he may prefer to pursue. If there be a place as hell, it is of the greatest interest that we should know it, and determine how best to shun it, and it is the summit of folly to waste time and energy upon anything else until we are certain we have done all we can do to avoid it after death, and if there is no such place, or men believe there is no such place, when it is exactly the same so far as their duty with reference to the matter is con-

cerned, then they should speak plainly about it and raise from the human heart and mind as it now is a burden which is more terrible than all the other evils of life combined.

The most earnest reflection upon these subjects is wholesome, and the world will have made an advance in the right direction, when just as matters of fact and human interest they are admitted into the scope of secular journalism.

"Stylus" Kindly Criticizes the Blade's View of Sam Jones.

To the Blade Publishing Co.:

Bro. Moore is so amiable in temper, so broad in sympathy and so pure in culture, that it is one of the crosses of life to take the shady side of his sunny, balmy, but sometime romantic wisdom.

One "Sam Jones" as viewed by Lexington people in the last issue of the BLUE-GRASS BLADE I have a few words to say.

That Mr. Jones is a wide departure from the culture of Dr. Bartlett, the scholarship of McGarvey and the clearness and pathos of Taylor, preachers of Lexington, is a settled point in my mind. I am willing to add Bro. Moore's other named ministers and my agreed so far, yet Sam Jones' little book of sermons, that perhaps Bro. Moore has not read, divested as it is of the rude "coarseness" and unbecoming mirth of his platform efforts, is radiant, at times, and expressive of an inward cheerfulness of life and soul.

Bro. Moore and myself having studied Christian ethics under the grandest master of the nineteenth century, I think we will agree on one more point. It is this; that it is not what either of us think of Sam Jones' vital godliness that makes him an acceptable laborer in the vineyard, but what God, looking into his heart, knows of him.

Now for our point of disagreement. This point I put with the profoundest respect mingled with regret. Sam Jones speaks imprudently; Bro. Moore sits down and writes deliberately. The schoolmen have ever pleaded for mercy for the one, but have acted as censors of the other. The one is controlled by degree of emotion, the other acts forth executive volition.

If therefore, the writer sitting calmly at his desk has as many strong phrases, inelegancies, provincialisms, barbarisms and vulgarisms to the line in his executive volition as the impromptu speaker in the degree of emotion, then the literary world says to the calm cavalier, Peace be still.

Sam Jones is evidently not a specialist in paegetics, dogmatic or even didactic theology, but when he comes to the little simple questions of "what shall I do to be saved," "what shall I profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," he talks very much like the Master. Brother Moore is not afraid of spiritual wickedness in high or low places. Praise the Lord for that much in Lexington journalism. Stick to that, Brother Moore, and if we take a few simple liberties ourselves we will keep the other small fry off of you while you wool social views in a moderate place, because they are less excusable there than in the dens. Milton is grander in his contempt for Charles Stuart and his court, than in "Paradise Lost" or "Regained." STYLUS.

The Bill Against Base Ball On Sunday.

Hon. John W. Ogilvie of the Kentucky State Senate has lately introduced a bill making it an offence against the Commonwealth to play base ball on Sunday.

A criticism of any state law is certainly within the province of secular journalism, and can not therefore be inconsiderate in any paper that has specially announced that religious discussion is no part of its purpose. It seems to me that a law of this nature is more nearly allied in spirit to the "Blue Laws of Connecticut," than the general legislature of this day. The right to prohibit base ball on Sunday implies the right similarly to prohibit "town ball" or "corner ball;" their prohibition in turn implying the right to prohibit marbles and kite flying on Sunday, and so on by the most logical sequence, until any playing on Sunday, can be made an offence against the Commonwealth. Musical performances have always been classed as "playing," and playing on the violin, piano, hand organ or church organ, would naturally come under the provisions of such a statute, and be subject to fine. Any principle in law or ethics which is sound *ab initio*, can never be made to suffer in its most remote logical ramifications, by the logical principle known as *reductio ad absurdum*, which we have just seen can be applied to Senator Ogilvie's bill with damaging results.

The common law recognizes that men outside of any social or legal organization possess some rights which they may not surrender, in order to enjoy the benefits of civil government. Man is a state of nature is presumed to have a right to the beasts of the field and the fruits of the earth just as he can acquire them. In civil government his rights to these are limited by the rights of other men in them also. The only natural rights therefore which a man forfeits as a necessary compensation for his civil rights, are those which conflict with the rights of others. A man may not steal because such stealing implies a corresponding damage to the rights of some other man, and the same is true of all acts that are justly prohibited by the civil law. But a man under any just legislation can play any game upon any day, that does not conflict with the rights of any citizen. Matters which are purely question of private conscience do not come within the purview of civil law, and the man who appeals to the law to make another man conform to his views in a mere question of conscience, manifests a spirit of tyranny that should be rebuked by legislative body.

Cases of this kind are only legitimately the subjects of moral suasion; and the state justly and properly protects churches and other institutions that propose to use this influence, against any possible violence of such as may propose to interfere with these rights. This I think is a fair abstract of the argument from a secular stand point.

It remains now to be seen if there is any more substantial basis for the Senator's bill, to be found in the principles of the Christian religion, even should we grant that it is right to enforce religion by law.

Regarding the observance of a Sabbath as a Christian institution, there are some very interesting facts, with which it has seemed to me that Christian people are surprisingly unfamiliar, and which is explained by the fact that there is such unanimity of sentiment about it, that the scriptural teachings upon the subject have never been much discussed.

It is a significant fact that in the New Testament which claims to be "thoroughly furnished" requisite information regarding the duties of Christians, there is not a single line from Jesus or any New Testament writer that enjoins the observance of any Sabbath, Jewish or Christian, or that sets apart any day upon which Christians are to refrain from any labor or play, that they may properly observe any other day. If we suppose that so prominent a religious ordinance as it now is, was an ordinance of the religion taught by Jesus and his immediate followers, and while either accidentally or purposefully omitted from their written teachings, was nevertheless tacitly understood among them as a religious ordinance, then it becomes equally as strange that in a book which is supposed to rebuke all the varieties of sin known at that day, in no single instance does it rebuke anybody for the violation of the Sabbath.

Jesus is represented as having instituted a ceremony which consisted in eating bread and drinking wine, and which was instituted "in memory of" him, or to perpetuate his memory.

His disciples are represented as having subsequently observed the memorial service or institution "upon the first day of the week," and that statement is the only allusion in the New Testament to any fact thus characterized that day. That they abstained from any play or labor on that day, that they would not have indulged in upon any other day, appears to be an assumption purely gratuitous.

It is a significant fact that the Jews continually charged him with disregarding the Sabbath, while they never charge him with the violation of any other precept in the decalogue, and that in his replies to them, he never asserted his purpose to observe it, but said instead "The Sabbath is made for man and not man for the Sabbath," that his religion was a "new wine in new bottles," and not a new patch upon an old garment, that his religion "cometh not with observation," that the "kingdom of heaven was within you," and that his ordinances were not such as his followers should "appear unto men" to do, but were to be done in secret and not letting the left hand know what the right hand did.

When men fasted they were to take pains to wash their faces and anoint their heads, or comb and brush them as we would say at this day, and act just as they ordinarily did so that their pious purposes would not be remarked. All such secretiveness and heart privacy as this, were perfectly inconsistent with that public demonstration when necessarily accompanied the observance of the Sabbath.

On one occasion a man is represented as having come to him, asking of him, "Good Master what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life," and Jesus repeats to him the moral precepts of the decalogue, and all three of the evangelists that allude to it represent him as having omitted the ordinance enjoining the observance of the Sabbath.

In the right of all these facts, can any kind of a Sabbath be a Christian institution, and viewed from any standpoint, secular or ecclesiastic can

Senator Ogilvie make a law in Kentucky that would punish a boy that studies or labors at some sedentary pursuit through the week because he goes into the woods and plays base ball on Sunday?

The Devil Among The Types.

I did not intend to read my own paper of last week as I had got ten to my home in the country.

You would not suppose an editor would take any interest in reading his own paper, but he does. Sometimes it is news to him. In the transition of his sentiments from pencil to paper's ink, the types sometimes find a sentiment, the paternity of which the public naturally laid at his door, when really to him it is an agonizing fondling, for whose coming into the world he is no more responsible than the veriest Joseph that ever lived.

An instance under each of these heads occurred in my paper last week and they have mortified me.

The items alluded to are accidental, and one of them, so far from having been intended as unkindness, is meant for a kindness by some one in the mechanical department of this paper.

In one instance a prominent business firm in this city has given to the paper for an advertisement, a local notice which says "We must have our money," and states that accounts against persons who owe and do not pay, will be put into the hands of a collector, etc.; all of which was entirely correct for the firm for whom the advertisement was intended, but the same of the advertising firm has by accident been put below another paragraph, and the BLADE itself is made to appear as proposing to collect money by civil process, when the fact is, that the fledgling has not yet gotten the "pin feathers" off of it, and could certainly not have had anything due to it long enough to justify the most modest hint in that connection, if indeed, it be granted that such a hint from a newspaper, in its own behalf, can ever be exactly *comme il faut*.

Another item says, "The readers of the BLADE will find out they are getting the worth of their money on receiving this issue. I will send you the paper for one year for \$1."

Before I would write that paragraph in my paper, I would take the BLADE and hang it upon one limb of a tree, and then hang myself on another limb.

In the hurry of "making up the forms," some one has just "set up" those devices in order to make a column "come out even" at the bottom, so to "justify" it, in printers' parlance. It reads my "Cyclopaen call it," as the printer or foreman who did it, doubtless did it meaning all kindness, and it would be all right perhaps if this were understood, but is wretched taste as coming from a proprietor or the editor of a paper.

This little accident however has been a good thing for me. It has elevated the whole journalistic fraternity in my estimation, by showing that for years I have been laboring under a delusion that was damaging to them.

I have frequently read in papers notices of their great circulation, and the enthusiasm with which those papers were being received by the world at large, and the great and increasing and clamorous demand for that paper that made it appear that there was danger of a mob doing violence to the editor and damage to his printing establishment, because, with every resource called into requisition, he could not print papers fast enough and in sufficient numbers, to satisfy the popular demand. I had always, until this little incident in my own experience, thought these things were written by the editors themselves, and have wondered how in the same paper those editors could predicate "cheek" as anything peculiar to a book agent or a government nule. But since I see that these remarks are merely put in by printers to fill out columns that would otherwise be too short, the explanation is gratifyingly satisfactory, and an unpleasant little imputation has been removed from the otherwise fair record of journalistic crayon drivers.

The Lebanon Standard and Times asks that all the people of the state shall publish that the "Executive Committee of the International Editorial Association of America, have fixed the place of the next meeting at Cincinnati on Feb. 23, 24 and 25, 1886," and adds, "It is proposed at the close of the meeting to make an excursion to Washington City."

A number of questions are proposed for discussion at that meeting. I propose to give my editorial railroad pass a airing on that occasion, and I am going to introduce a resolution that shall express the earnest and universal protest of Kentucky editors against the habit among foremen and pressmen in printing offices, of filling up the otherwise unoccupied space in newspapers by putting in puff of their papers, so as to leave

the impression that they are made by their editors, and thus lay their employers liable to criticism as lacking in modesty. To supply this demand of the foreman I will recommend that a large collection of stereotyped patent medicine advertisements shall be kept constantly on hand, with a collection of short and pithy obituaries that seem so naturally and appropriately to accompany patent medicine advertisements.

Stuck on Cratory.

Ever since a Chamber of Commerce reporter complimented my speech on fences, I have indulged in dreams of fame in the line of oratory. I propose to go to the meeting of the International Editorial Association at Cincinnati on February 23, 24 and 25, and to that body make some extemporaneous remarks, which I shall work on from now until then.

I am going to take that Chamber of Commerce reporter along with me on my editorial pass, pay for his sojourn at Cincinnati hash factory for an "ad," and require that he shall state that Cincinnati has never heard anything like my remarks since Col. Ingersoll nominated Mr. Blaine. At that meeting it is devoutly to be hoped that some simple plans for elevating the standard of journalism will be suggested. There are several things which are thoroughly feasible, upon which action might be taken, and which could be put into practice with results most salutary to the public, and dignifying and ennobling to the editorial fraternity.

Regarding the mere reading of a newspaper, the man who takes it for that purpose does not care if he is the only subscriber in the world that its editor has. But to the person in search of an advertising medium, the circulation of a newspaper is a matter of business, and one under which editors now have large opportunity, immortality and impunity for getting money under false pretenses. Abuses man in search of information to which he is justly entitled, might just as well ask a lawyer, or physician, if he understands his profession, or ask a clergyman if he preaches for the glory of God or for a salary, as to ask an editor what his circulation is.

The Association should recommend that state statutes require the editors or papers, quarterly or semi-annually, to state under oath to the clerks of their respective counties the average circulation of their papers for the past three, or six months, as the case may be, just as banks are required to make reports of their condition.

This Association should also recommend to states the enactment of statutes that would require editors to give such bonds as would restrain them from such inaccurate publications as are liable to damage innocent parties, as for instance the recent publication by the Louisville Times that "State Geologist Proctor had shipped with all the State funds in his possession."

A law, whether statutory or conventional merely, I know not, which this Association should repudiate as unjust, and *ex parte*, is that which is periodically and chronically published by the rural editor, which requires that a man shall be required to pay for a paper which he may take out of the office and which is sent to him without his order or consent.

The enactment of good laws on these subjects would tend to elevate the worthy, and depress unworthy publications, and should therefore be advocated by all papers that claim to be high toned.

Concerning Judge Richard Reid.

The BLADE published last week a defence of the non-resistant conduct of Judge Reid, as suggested by an imputation of the Louisville Times, and it is a coincidence of interest to its editor that before a copy of the paper could have reached the home of Mrs. Reid, he is in receipt of the following letter and printed extract, the former of which he presumes upon her recognized intimacy with her martyred husband to publish.

MR. STERLING, KY., Jan. 26, '86.  
MR. MOORE.—I enclose you the price of subscription to your paper which is so very small I feel it is not worthy of your paper. I take also from the Courier Journal of yesterday a notice, copied from the Christian Standard, of the life of your friend, that I know will afford you pleasure to copy into your paper in good type. And when the book comes out I hope you will not find it unworthy of your own contribution therein, and that you will feel I have used it so as to honor both yourself and Judge Reid. It will be one of my highest gratifications if the book proves a success, that Judge Reid's friends are immortalized along with him, and if I am to credit all that is said of the book, it is to be a success. We hope soon to have out a circular notice.

If you will ask some of our ministers at Lexington, they will give you two other Standards containing notices, one of this week January 30, and one of about the first of December.

bar, I believe. The three notices are brief, and logically follow each other. I shall gratefully and truly yours Elizabeth J. Reid.

The Courier Journal of Jan. 27, under the head "Life of Judge Richard Reid," says: "We copy from the Christian Standard the following mention of a life of the late Judge Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, which is now in course of publication and will soon be issued."

The farther we progress on this truly remarkable biography the more fascinated we become with the wonderful richness of the materials and the elevation of character in the man.

It is not the product of a single mind, bent on the partial exhibition of a personal hero, but a cloud of testimony rising from as many sources as the mists, and apparently as spontaneously. Yet while emanating from so many minds, widely separated in all else, there is such a unanimity of sentiment and attestation that each new voice merely swells the volume without the introduction of a single discordant note.

Almost every page introduces some new witness who, in his individual way, illustrates some point in life or character, but in harmony with who have gone before him.

It is more charming than a romance in its wealth of experience and vicissitudes of happiness and affliction. A wonderful likeness to the lamented Garfield—both in the remarkable freedom from malignity in his nature and in his positive faith and goodness and rich personal gift—grows on us as his life unfolds from the sensitive, suffering child to the great-hearted man and martyr."

It is one of the great good fortunes of my life to have known Judge Reid, with an intimacy hardly less than that of a brother. We were room mates in our early careers of life, soon after he had set out upon the career at the bar which gained him such eminent and glorious distinction. He was eminently open and confiding in his nature, and such questions of moral and religious philosophy as were involved and practically demonstrated in the manner of his death, as in the death of no man known to the annals of Kentucky, were so thoroughly understood by me as being part and parcel of his life based upon convictions of right, that had he resented the blows unjustly inflicted upon him, it would have astonished others that he did not.

He was a man of immense thinking capacity and of continued forethought, and so great was his aspiration to live a life grand and glorious in the highest import of those words that it is impossible that the treatment which caused his death could have been a contingency about which he had never thought and under which his long predetermined course had not been plainly and unwaveringly marked out.

I regard the death of my friend Judge Reid, as an instance of heroic submission to the dictates of conscience, that has rarely, if ever, had its counterpart in the history of this country. In his whole life he was a mighty man of valor, but like Moses' son was stronger in his death than in his life.

When the world gets wiser, men like these,

"Not like Caesar stained with blood but only great as they are good," will be those to whose memory nations and states will build monuments.

No meaningless marble shaft, "no storied urn nor animated bust," chiseled and piled by the hands of his countrymen could fully mark his resting place, no column so high as to catch the first rays of the orient sun and hold them when they had left all else to follow to his sitting, could harmonize with the grand but lowly life of that man; but if the state of Kentucky wants to honor herself by honoring him, she can perpetuate the moral of his life by building at the town where he fell, or where he presided at the bar, or in this city, a memorial building which shall be baptized with his name and consecrated to some fitting and deserving charity.

The Blue Wing was in Danger.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 4.—The steamer Ohio started down over the falls this afternoon for New Orleans, when she was caught by the heavy wind and ice and driven into the shore against the little Blue Wing. There was much excitement among the passengers, but as the damage was not great the Ohio proceeded on her trip.

A Costly Fire.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—The residence of Jno. D. Caton, on North Bluff at Ottawa, Ill., caught fire last night and was burned to the ground. It was a complete library of Audubon's works, which he valued at \$1,500. Loss \$10,000; insurance \$9,000.

Fifty and Twenty-four.

The case against Wm. Lister, policeman, charged with assaulting Frank May at the polls in the First Ward in the Legislative primary, was tried yesterday in Circuit Court. Lister was fined fifty dollars and given twenty-four hours in jail.



## BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE BLADE PUBLISHING COMPANY.  
OFFICE 25 W. SHORT STREET  
LEXINGTON, - - KENTUCKY  
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1886

*Charles L. Moore*  
Editor

### CHARTER AMENDMENTS.

What a "Business Man," Who Knows Whereof He Speaks Has to Say.

EN. TRANSCRIPT:—The objects set forth in the resolutions passed by the Chamber of Commerce as regards the City Charter, would seem to commend themselves to all good and law-abiding citizens. The changes in the Charter do not increase the burdens of taxation one dollar per year. In fact, it may be safely predicted it will lessen the expenditures of the city. It does not propose to interfere with the ambition of any of the gentlemen now candidates who are willing to sacrifice their own time and energy for the good of the city. It has been hinted that perhaps these self-sacrificing individuals may (by an amendment to the Charter) be asked to serve without any compensation, thereby giving them an opportunity to show to the citizens how magnanimous they are.

Why the Council should kick so at being released of the very disagreeable duty of managing the police force is a mystery to the average voter.

By a Police Board having the power to appoint the police and remove them for good and sufficient reasons only, (and just here we will suggest that it would not be a bad move to give this same board supervision over the employees of the Fire Department,) it is claimed, and with a good deal of justice, that our police would be a very efficient body under a Police Board.

Our Fire Department is an efficient body and have done good work, but we think the same good results would follow were they placed under the Police Board as will result to the police force.

Two Boards of Council are desirous for many reasons; it will effectively prevent hasty legislation which in many instances does not accomplish the desired or intended good. It would, in a great degree, if attempted, prevent an undue exercise of influence of the Mayor, as he would not be the presiding officer of either body. Now is the time our city needs all the wise legislation she can get, as we are growing and progressing as she has not done for years. We want the wisest and best citizens in the Council, men with broad views and economical in the expenditure of the revenues of the city. The revenue of the city is large and if judiciously and economically handled it is susceptible of doing the city a vast amount of good, and when so used and the citizens see the good effects there will be a cheerful acquiescence in it, but if not so used there will be, and justly so, long and loud complaints.

### BUSINESS MAN.

A Plea for a Veteran.

The Nashville American is requested to give place to the following letter:

LEXINGTON, KY., Jan. 25, 1886.—Capt. Stone, Louisville, Ky.—Sir: You are one of the vice presidents of the National Association of Mexican Veterans, an organization that has done much good work for the surviving soldiers who fought in the war with Mexico. Through you I wish to make to it the following true statement: Jas. R. Collins, member of Col. John W. Tibbatt's regiment in the Mexican war, is now an inmate of the Montgomery county, Ohio, poor house. He is old, sick and absolutely penniless. He is a Kentuckian, and for him I earnestly appeal to that military order of which you are a representative officer to lend him a helping hand in having him admitted to the Soldier's Home, in sight of which he is eking out a miserable existence.

Your comrade,  
BEN F. EGAN.

A conspicuous instance of advertising on a grand scale is the price recently paid in Boston for a single insertion in one paper,—\$2,000.—S. R. Niles acting as agent in the transaction. The good judgment of Mr. Niles in such matters is recognized not only in Boston, but also in New York, London and Paris. We understand that in the instance of which we speak the results justified the expenditure.

### Willing to Work.

A paragraph crept into the TRANSCRIPT a few days ago, in which it was stated that the Odd Fellows had great difficulty to get men to work in cleaning up the debris of the old Opera House. The gentlemen who had the cleaning in hand say that this was an error as they found plenty of men willing to work, and in fact were annoyed by the frequent applications to get work. Our ex-

perience is that there are about a dozen men on hand and ready to do any kind of work that is needed where there is only work for one. When we have coal thrown off at the office the applications to have the job of putting it in are so numerous as to be annoying. We employ about twenty-five people in and about the TRANSCRIPT office, including carriers, and if there is a rumor that some one is to quit there are numerous applications for the place. The working men of Lexington are anxious to work at anything they can lay their hands to, the only trouble being that there is not enough work for them all.

### WOODARD & HARBISON'S SALE.

Some of the Top Prices Realized Yesterday.

Woodard & Harbison's great sale of fine horses commenced yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, and will continue five days. A large crowd of buyers are in attendance from all over the country, and the hotels are all crowded. Col. Edmonson and Col. Jack Stuart are crying the sales, and Tom Forman is doing the equestrian part of the programme. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the sales were transferred from the street to the inside of Treacy & Wilson's stable. Following is a list of the principal prices obtained yesterday: Harkaway, b s, 4 y o, by Indianapolis, dam Abdullah Belle, W. J. Nogle, Altoona, Pa., \$525; Stratford, b s, 3 y o, by Strathmore, dam Young Winnie by Woodford Mambrino, John Splar, Cleveland, Ohio, \$630; Boston Wilkes, b s, 4 y o, by George Wilkes, dam Jennie Anderson by American Clay, George Smith, Shelbyville, Ky., \$2,600; Dispatch, b s, 4 y o, by Onward, dam Lucille, Alex. Hill, Owensboro, Ky., \$975; Flaco, br s, 9 y o, by Trolan, dam by Vindex, L. D. Butler, Memphis, Missouri, \$1,500; Monroe Wilkes, c s, 2 y o, by Red Wilkes, dam by Monroe Chief, Jnd Evans, Indiana, \$610; Clara R., b f, 4 y o, by Strathmore, dam Mattie Norman, Alex. Hill, Owensboro, Ky., \$825; Diamond King, c s, 7 y o, by Mark Diamond dam by Conscript, W. T. Soper, Carlisle, Ky., \$810.

### CENTRAL MILLS—JERSEY FLOUR.

I have been proprietor of two flour mills. I have devoted considerable attention to physiology and hygiene and think I can speak intelligently about flour.

If the grain of wheat, merely crushed and eaten in the shape of what we now call unbolited flour, had not been originally the best form of it, it would have become so before this because the human system has become adapted to it in that form from long use. "Two women were grinding at the mill," and making unbolited flour for themselves for thousands of years before Jerusalem cratic primaries, "s'improved."

The "new process" but probably appearance of the of its food quality it at the expense of part of the ties. Much of the out into "ship flour is now thrown a. It makes stuff" and fed to the cowgirls will get fat cows, but our pretty kine" if they as lean as "Pharaoh's d fashioned don't eat some of the oil mill in the mill stone flour. Every process except the Central Mills, of course. Mr. T. J. Grubbs is the proprietor of the old orthodox mill and the finest brands of "new process" for those who prefer it. Wheat contains 72 per cent of starch, 7 of gluten, 5 of sugar, 3 of gum and 12 of water. The "new process" retains but little more than the starch. It is not only the privilege of every lady, but her moral duty, to be just as pretty as she can be, and the gluten for her hair and finger nails, and the sugar in Central Mill's flour will make her as sweet as pie, and the gum in that kind of flour will double discount Colgan's Tola. It's bad enough to have to "gum it" when you are old and, lost, have your teeth, young ladies. Don't do it while you are young.

Mr. Gribbs's flour is called the "Jersey" brand because of its richness and fattening qualities.

### Coal Gas at Fifty Cents.

From the Courier Journal.

The Chesapeake Gas Company, of Baltimore, has reduced the price of its coal gas to fifty cents per 1,000 feet, which leads the New York Journal of Commerce into a retrospective at home. The New York gas companies a few years ago reduced the price of gas to large consumers to seventy cents, which rate, being operated a considerable period, made dividends to the stockholders. This suggests the inference that, while fifty cents is a war rate in Baltimore yet the Chesapeake Company apparently selected that particular price, because while entailing heavy losses upon its rivals, would in the meanwhile pay all the expenses of its own campaign. The Louisville Gas Company advises its patrons so long as they behave themselves they will be served with gas at not more than \$1.50, which also means not less than \$1.50.

### Trying to Bridge the Chasm.

COLUMBUS, Feb. 2.—The conference committee that was appointed to settle the differences between the factions of the Ohio Senate will formulate their report to the Senate tomorrow. It is understood to refer more especially to the manner in which the investigation of the Hamilton county contest cases shall be conducted, and will provide that any legal points which may arise during the contest and on which the committee cannot agree shall be referred to Judge Thurman and R. A. Harrison, of this city, for a decision

## MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Ex-Policeman Mike Gormley Shot by John Walsh, the Grocerman.

### GORMLEY EXONERATES HIS SLAYER.

A bloody tragedy occurred about 8 o'clock last night at the grocery of John Walsh, on West Main street, near the Ice Factory, in which Mike Gormley, ex-policeman, was mortally wounded by Walsh. As soon as the shooting occurred Mr. Dick Garland hurried down town for a physician, and as a TRANSCRIPT reporter was leaving the postoffice, Mr. Garland came by. He spoke to officers Donnellon, Bundy, and Henry, who were at the postoffice corner, and told them of the occurrence. They hurried away, followed by the reporter. Walsh was in his grocery, and the officers took him in charge and conveyed him to the station-house. They also secured his pistol, a 44-calibre Navy Remington. The reporter then went up stairs to see Gormley, who lived over Walsh's grocery. The wounded man was lying on a bed, and Drs. Patterson and Brown were examining the wound, which was about an inch to the left of the navel, the ball passing through the bowels but not emerging on the back. The wounded man was very pale and suffering a great deal. Looking up into the faces of the reporter and others by his bed, he said: "Don't blame that man, he was not to blame." A number of people called to see the wounded man, but it was found necessary to exclude them to prevent annoyances. Father Brossart came to see the sufferer, and they were alone together a few moments. In a short time Gormley spoke again to those about him and said: "Boys, I want you to clear that man; he is not to blame; there is no one to blame but that wife of mine." Mr. Wm. Gormley, father of Mike, hearing of his son's wounding, came into the room and was greatly excited. The opinion of the physicians was that the wound was probably mortal.

After Walsh was lodged in the station-house he was interviewed by a TRANSCRIPT reporter, and gave the following account of the affair: "My name is John Walsh. I am fifty years of age. I came to Lexington three years ago from Cincinnati. I served during the war in Totten's Battery, 2d U. S. Artillery. I opened my grocery about a year ago. I never had a word with him in my life until to-day. About 3 o'clock I looked up and went down town to transact some business. I returned about half-past four o'clock. As I crossed Merino street I noticed Gormley standing in front of my grocery. He followed at me and said, 'Come over here, I want to talk to you.' I walked up to him and he said, 'Who have you got in there?' pointing to my grocery. I said, 'No body; the door is locked; I have been down town.' He grabbed me by the collar with one hand, drew his revolver with the other, and commenced beating me over the head with it. The first lick my hat fell off. He struck me three or four times. I tried to ward off the blows with my arm, and called for the police. He then pointed his pistol at me, and said, 'You d—m son of a b—h, I am a notion to shoot you.' A policeman was up on Jefferson street, and hearing my call, ran to where we were. He got between us, and, turning Gormley around, told Gormley to go up stairs and behave himself. The officer then went away. Gormley going up stairs, a brother of Mike's took him up stairs and pacified him. A short time afterward I went outside to my grocery to look at some groceries in Curry, Howard & Murray's wagon. While doing so, Gormley came out again after me and I went in the grocery. He again had out his revolver. I went down town to Judge Royalty's office and swore out a warrant against Gormley, for assault and battery. (Officers Lister, O'Brien and Hall served the warrant on Gormley, who came down town about 6 o'clock and gave bail in the sum of \$50. Mr. Elkin going on the bond. He went home and arrived there about half-past 8 o'clock. Gormley went up stairs, when he returned, and seeing me in the room as he passed up the steps, cursed me. In a short time he came in the door and called for something—I think a cigar. I said: 'Mike, I would rather not sell you anything. You had better go over to Garland's, as you deal there.' He then cursed me and said: 'I have a notion to kill you.' and pointed his pistol at me, holding it up with both hands. I had my revolver lying alongside of me at the time. He pointed his revolver at me again and threatened to kill me. I called Mr. Barrett, my neighbor. He told me I called again he would shoot me. I did so and he blazed away. I seized my pistol and fired at him twice. One of the shots hit him. He then ran out the door, and in a short time a negro put his head in the door and told me to come out, as a man was shot out there. I told him I would not do so, and for him to call a policeman."

After being shot, Gormley ran across the street toward Garland's grocery, and fell just after crossing the street railway. He was picked up and carried back to his home. The exact nature of the trouble between him and his wife is not known, though there are various rumors. It is said they have separated several times, the last time about two weeks ago. It is supposed by some

of his friends that his recent dismissal from the police force, coming on the heels of his prosecution in the Campbell killing, rendered him desperate, and caused him to do that which, in his calmer moments, he would not have done. He was one of the bravest officers ever on the force, and did not know what fear was. No kind heart ever beat in a human breast, and he was a loyal, devoted friend. The testimony of all was that he provided beautifully for his family. He has no children. At 1 o'clock this morning Gormley was quiet, but very weak, apparently sinking fast. One of the physicians said he would, probably, not live until this morning. His wife sat beside his bed, weeping and from her grief, while his aged mother stood watching him and weeping.

### CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS

Causes a Fatal Accident on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

STANTON, Va., Feb. 2.—A disastrous collision occurred on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad here at one o'clock this morning. The night express ran into the freight train on a siding and completely wrecked both engines. Fireman Giffings, of Richmond, was killed; G. W. Bringer, master machinist, of Richmond, had his right arm and leg badly broken and a bad scalp wound; Z. Lowry, of Richmond, engineer, had his throat cut and arm searled; his condition is dangerous; Charles Smith, of Stanton, engineer of the freight train, had his back badly sprained and bruised. The only passenger hurt was Dr. Lafferty, of Richmond, but not seriously. The accident was caused by criminal negligence. The brakeman was aroused by the passing freight train, changed the switch just as the express came in sight. The train dashed on to the siding and the engines were wrecked.

### A Church Racket.

WABASH, Ind., Feb. 2.—On Sunday night in the church in the village of Dora twelve miles southeast of here, Will Oates was shot by Clayton Pavey. Two years ago Oates eloped with Clayton's sister. Pavey swore vengeance upon Oates. Nothing more was heard of the matter, however, until recently, when the old quarrel was renewed. Mr. and Mrs. Oates were sitting in the front pew and Clayton Pavey stepped up and remarked that he had come to settle the matter and at the same time striking Oates. The latter essayed to defend himself and Pavey drew a revolver and fired at Oates, who grasped the weapon and received a very serious wound. The congregation fled in wild disorder. Mrs. Oates dropped her baby who was trampled upon and perhaps fatally injured.

### The Headless Man Mystery.

NASHVILLE, Feb. 2.—The headless man mystery was solved to-day by the confession of one of the parties charged with the murder. Subsequent to the discovery of the head in Ben Brown's yard, and the complete identification of the remains as those of Frank Arnold, three other persons implicated were arrested and jailed. Ben Brown has not yet been caught.

### Buy Goods.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—The exports of domestic cotton for the past week has been 4,955 packages, and since January 1, 21,066 packages, against 13,163 packages for same time last year and 9,433 packages for 1884. The tone of the market shows a tendency of hardening for all styles of staple cottons, while in all departments a good trade is in movement on account of Spring wants.

### Annuling a Lease.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 2.—Chancellor Runyon to-day read an opinion in the case of Vail vs. New Jersey Central and Philadelphia and Reading R. R. Companies, in which he declares that the lease made by the former to the latter company is null and void. The Chancellor has ordered all the property of the Central road to be transferred back to that corporation.

## SENATE PROCEEDINGS.

Winchester Has Her Charter Amended.

The Rights of Parsons Criminally Accused.

FRANKFORT, Feb. 2.—Leave was granted to bring in the following bills: A bill to repeal Chap. 1,335, of the Session Act, 1883-84, being an act to provide for and regulate the ventilation of coal mines in this State, and for the better protection of miners. Courts of Justice.

A bill to prohibit the working of convicts in the coal mines of this Commonwealth. Courts of Justice.

Mr. Clay, Committee on Propositions and Grievances. House Bill 236. A bill to amend the charter of the city of Winchester. Passed.

An act to amend c. 234 of the Criminal Code of Practice, relating to persons criminally accused to testify in their own behalf was taken up.

Mr. Gillett offered to amend by requiring the accused to testify before any other witness are examined in behalf of the accused. Adopted.

Mr. Wallace moved to amend by striking out, in lines five and six of Sec. 1 "penal for criminal cause and proceeding" and inserting "prosecution under indictment for a felony."

The bill, as amended, was put upon its passage, and the yeas and nays demanded. Passed. Yeas, 19; nays, 10.

The Senate then adjourned.

### MR. CLARENDON YOUNG

Suicides By Shooting Himself With a Shot-gun.

Another horrible affair occurred Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock. Mr. Clarendon Young, killing himself with a shot-gun. Mr. Young was a farmer in good circumstances, aged about 35 years, and has a wife and four or five children. His home is about 3 miles from Lexington, on the Tates Creek road. On Monday he was in town, apparently in good spirits, and while here went to the courthouse and signed a replevin bond for a negro man. He returned home in the afternoon and retired at night, apparently in good spirits. At 4 o'clock yesterday morning, his wife says, he arose as usual and went into another room, where there was a shot-gun loaded with bird shot. In a short time she heard the gun fire, and going into the room found him lying on the floor nearly dead. The charge had taken effect in the middle of the breast, and the trigger had been pulled by his foot. No cause is known for the deed, but temporary insanity is surmised. He was a son of Mr. Matt Young, deceased, who left all his children in good circumstances when he died.

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C. S. BELL, JR., NO. 8 W. MAIN ST.

—Received Spring Styles Of—

## James Means' \$3 Shoe

For Men's wear, and James Means' \$2 Shoe for Boys. They will wear longer without ripping and seams coming loose than any other shoe for the same price. One trial will make you buy them always.

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And Boots at any reasonable price you make us.

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Between Main and Broadway.

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Buckle Arctics, Gum Boots, Ladies' High Button Arctics. A large stock of all kinds of Gum Goods cheap. All

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Reduced in price. Come and see us.

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## John C. Berryman,

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

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Sole Agent for the Glen Mary Coal and Coke.

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Now ready with a large stock of SHEETINGS, PILLOW-CASINGS, TABLE DAMASKS AND WHITE GOODS for housekeepers' early spring sewing.

They are selling bargains in WINTER WOOLENS, BLANKETS, COMFORTS, HOSIERY and LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

The remainder of their Cloaks at about half-price.

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150 TO 156 EAST MAIN STREET.

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## CONGRESS.

### Woman Suffrage Comes Up In the Senate.

#### Eulogizing the Late Vice President Hendricks.

#### RUSY RIDDLEBERGER'S RESOLUTION.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—A joint resolution was favorably reported by Blair, from the Committee on Woman Suffrage, providing for a constitutional amendment extending to the rights of suffrage to women.

Cockrell stated that this report was not the unanimous judgment of the Committee, and that the minority reserved the right to present the report.

Mr. Pugh submitted the substitute already referred to by him to take the place of Mr. Riddleberger's resolution and asked that it be presented and lie over till to-morrow. This was agreed to.

The next bill on the calendar was a bill to permit the United States Consul at Warsaw, Russia, to accept certain decorations tendered him by the Russian government. The Consul is a Russian subject, and not an American citizen.

Mr. Riddleberger offered the following:

**Resolved**, That it is a sense of the Senate that the Executive of the United States is not restricted by Constitutional law in removing or suspending appointees, and that the Senate has no right to require that reasons shall be given for such removals or suspensions, that it is the right of the Senate to call for any paper relating to the conduct of removed or suspended appointees, or to the qualification and fitness of all persons whose names are presented to the Senate for confirmation or rejection, and it is the duty of the Executive to comply with all demands for the same. He asked immediate consideration of the resolution.

Mr. Cockrell objected, and the matter went over as a subject for debate.

Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Logan opposed the bill, and Mr. Morgan spoke in its favor. The Electoral Count bill then came up and Mr. Everts took the floor. He submitted an amendment that it should be the duty of the Executive of each State, as soon as practicable, after the final ascertainment of the appointment of the election, and such State to communicate, under the seal of the State, to the Secretary of State of the United States, a certificate showing the result of such ascertainment, setting forth the name of the electors and other particulars, and to deliver to the electors of such State a similar certificate in triplicate, such certificates to be transmitted by the electors with the result of their own actions.

Mr. Edmunds opposed the motion to re-commit but it struck him that Mr. Everts suggested an amendment which embodied an extremely valuable idea. It could be discussed in the Senate, however, as well as in convention. After further debate a motion to re-commit was brought to a vote and resulted—yes, 30; nay, 22; the affirmative vote being about equally divided between the Republicans and Democrats. All the proposed amendments went with the bill. The Dakota bill was then placed before the Senate, and Mr. Logan obtained the floor but gave way for an Executive session, after which the Senate adjourned.

Immediately after the reading of the journal, Holman, of Indiana, offered a resolution that the business of the House be suspended in order that the eminent services and private virtues of the late Vice President Hendricks might be appropriately commemorated.

Wm. D. Bynum, of Indiana, who represents the District which formerly returned Mr. Hendricks to the House of Representatives, was the first speaker in the eulogies which followed.

Mr. McCrory, of Kentucky, reviewed Mr. Hendricks's life as illustrative of the possibilities of an American citizen, whether he was viewed as a legislator, a commissioner of the General Land Office, as representative in Congress, as Governor of Indiana, as a Senator, or as Vice President of the United States, there would be seen the impress of his splendid mind, the lustre of his unfaltering patriotism and noble manhood. Mr. Lang, of Massachusetts, Mr. Hewitt, of New York, Mr. Throckmorton, of Texas, Mr. Dingley, of Maine, Mr. Browne, of Indiana, Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Springer, of Illinois, Mr. Geddes, of Ohio, and Mr. Lowry, of Kentucky, all delivered eulogies, after which resolutions were adopted, and then the House adjourned.

#### A Killing in Leslie County.

It was reported in this city last night that a killing had taken place in Leslie county. From what could be gathered about the affair, it seems that had blood had existed for some time between George Robinson and Andy Marsh. The latter went to where Robinson was at work and renewed the quarrel, during which he attempted to draw a pistol, but Robinson "got the drop" on him and Andy Marsh died with his bow in.

No shadow, Mr. Groundhog.

## LOVE IN A LIFT.

Bond street was hopelessly blocked. It was not such a case that he witnessed any fine day between April and July, but to one late, dark, stormy night, whose up-right carriage betrayed his profession, the whole phantasmagoria of fair women, perfectly well-groomed, equally well-groomed, and with the charm of comparative novelty. But, though the scene was inspiring enough, he did not linger long in the region sacred to the Elysian mysteries of shopping. Just as he was crossing the threshold of the Bay-on club, he was hailed by a well-known comrade.

"Bourchier! By all that is wonderful! Why, I thought you were far away at Bangalore!"

The speaker was a fair, fresh-colored man, a little over 30, of the familiar type of the man about town, well-dressed, spruce, and with the air of one who is on good terms with himself and all the world.

"Come and have a cigar and a chat. Why, it must be ten years since you left England."

"It is, I shall be a sort of modern Rip Van Winkle."

"Nonsense, man! I do, forget our friends quite so soon, even in London," replied the other, leading the way into the smoking-room.

"Now for your news, Huntley," said Bourchier, as he settled himself in an easy chair and lighted a cigar. "Who has been born, who has married, who has died since I saw you last?"

"Let me think. It is a difficult thing to arrange one's life when one is bidden to stand and deliver, like that."

In spite of this protest, Huntley during the next hour contrived to retail a fair amount of gossip.

"You remember Rosalie Bryden?" he said, suddenly. "Pretty girl—brown eyes, complexion rosy and cream, and that sort of thing. By the bye, Bourchier, wasn't she an old flame of yours?"

"That's a leading question with a vengeance," replied the other, with a rather forced laugh, as he pulled viciously at his mustache. "But what of her? She married some rich city man, didn't she?"

"Yes, Josiah Ormskirk, fellow who made his money on the stock exchange. Died a couple of years ago and left his wife a rich widow. Awfully good thing for her, for I believe he rather led her a life of it for some time before his death. Hadn't you heard of him?"

"No; he must have died during my absence at a remote place up in the hills, where I hardly ever saw a newspaper."

"How did you manage to exist? Well, Mrs. Ormskirk is beginning to go out into society again. I saw her in the park only yesterday, and by Jove she looked quite as pretty, and almost as young, as she did ten years ago!"

"Yes, she was very pretty," assented Bourchier, and he added, bitterly, "and she took her charms to the best market, as most women do."

"Come, old fellow, don't be cynical," said Huntley. "Have another cigar and let us talk about something else."

But the mention of his old love's name seemed to have taken away Bourchier's appetite for society gossip. He rose slowly and looked at his watch.

"Five o'clock. Old habits are things of strong growth. I think I shall stroll down to the park and see what is going on. Do you feel inclined to come, too, Huntley?"

"No; thanks. I feel lazy this afternoon, so I shall look through the evening papers. There has passed away a glory from the park. One gets tired of the eternal millinery in time."

"Well, I'm off, at any rate, for an hour's stroll. And with a good-humored smile and a parting shake of the hands the two men parted. As Bourchier sauntered on toward the park his thoughts went back to a certain November afternoon when he and Rosalie had ridden home together after a quick run with the Fitchley, and love had not the better of prudence and he had proposed and been refused. Pretty Rosalie, though she was the experience of a single lesson, had enough of worldly wisdom to know that though Vincent Bourchier was handsome, clever enough to be a pleasant companion, of good birth, a brave soldier (he had already distinguished himself at the age of five and twenty), he was no mate for her. She was a penniless but ambitious girl, dependent upon the whims of her aunt, Lady Silverthorne, a stern matron, who had preached her pretty niece many a sermon on the folly and wickedness of girls who married poor men.

"I don't think you are the sort of woman who would be happy with two new gowns a year," she was in the habit of saying. "Think of living in a six-room house in the suburbs, with a maid-and-work to wait on you. No, Rosalie, you must marry a rich man, or I wish my hands off you."

Miss Bryden had not sufficient strength of character to defy her aunt and marry Vincent Bourchier, whom, in her heart of hearts, she knew she loved. A couple of months or so later, Josiah Ormskirk proposed to her and was accepted.

"I wonder if she would remember me if we met again," thought Bourchier, as he turned into the park.

The afternoon being unusually fine, the drive was thronged with carriages. Bourchier paused several times and leaned on the rails to watch the moving panorama of beauty and fashion. He was about to turn homeward when he became aware of a pair of large, dark, velvet-covered chairs, and a handsome barouche that had just come to a standstill not three paces from where he stood. As his gaze rested on the piquant face in which the aforesaid eyes were set, a flashing gleam of recognition shone from under the delicately arched brows, and a pair of fresh, rosy lips parted in a bright smile over a set of the most dazzling little teeth imaginable.

"Rosalie!" murmured Bourchier to himself, and she has not quite forgotten me after all."

He raised his hat and went quickly forward to the side of the barouche to greet the woman he had parted from in bitterness and anger ten years ago.

"Vincent Bourchier, I declare!" said Rosalie, as she extended her daintily-gloved hand. "I thought I should never see you again. When did you return from India?"

"Only the day before yesterday," he replied, looking her full in the face. "It is a pleasure to find I am not quite forgotten—a pleasure I hardly anticipated. I have been asked, when I am alone or more and you are the only person who has recognized me."

"I have a good memory for faces. And you are very little altered," she finished with a blush.

That ready blush of pretty Mrs. Ormskirk gave her an air of girlish simplicity that was more charming than real.

"Would you have known me again?" she asked, with an innocent air, which became less wonderful.

"I should have known you anywhere," was his fervent answer.

"May I call on you, Mrs. Ormskirk," he asked, when they had talked about mutual acquaintances, criticized the passenger and chatted amicably, after the manner of friends who meet after a long interval of absence.

"Of course, you may. I live at Megatherium mansions when I am in town. You will generally find me at home about 4 o'clock. And, with another of her sunny smiles, Mrs. Ormskirk drove on."

Maj. Bourchier saw a good deal of Mrs. Ormskirk during the next few weeks. On some part of or other he contrived to drop in nearly every day at Megatherium mansions. The luxurious suite of rooms occupied by the fair widow was on the seventh floor of the huge block of buildings, consequently they were reached by that useful modern contrivance, a lift, or "elevator," as it is called by our American cousins. Bourchier soon cherished quite a sentimental feel-

ing of affection for the cozy little cage which carried him so easily and so swiftly upward to the dwelling of his charming Rosalie, and had been of a partial turn he would certainly have penned a sonnet in its praise.

He was resolved to try his luck again, and, in spite of the fair widow's occasional fits of caprice, he believed his chances of success were considerably better than they were ten years ago. The worst of it was that Mrs. Ormskirk had at least half a dozen pretensions, and the name of her admirers was legion. Bourchier was often mortified to find that the attentions of one or the other of this host of admirers seemed more acceptable to the little coquette than his own.

One evening, nearly two months after the meeting in the park, Mrs. Ormskirk was present at a fancy dress ball given by Lady Eborac, a sister of the most distinguished of the fair widow's suitors. It was the first entertainment of the kind at which the latter had appeared since her husband's death. Lady Eborac's male so great a point of the matter that she wrote a charming little note begging dear Mrs. Ormskirk to break through her rule. Her ladyship, it may be hinted, was extremely anxious to bring about a reconciliation between her and Josiah Ormskirk's widow and Josiah Ormskirk's daughter, the Rockminsters, who were now in a flourishing condition.

Bourchier also received a card of invitation to the ball, the notification of witnessing the very marked attention paid by other Rockminsters to Rosalie, and, what was worse, of noticing that the latter received his lordship's attentions with apparent staidness. He watched the pair with silent wrath. The green-eyed monster had full dominion over him, and of all Lady Eborac's guests he was the most miserable. The brilliant scene, the music, the gay crowd were like dust and ashes between his teeth. He was about to quit the ball-room in disgust when, as on a previous occasion he caught a glimpse of Rosalie's beautiful bright eyes, which seemed to bid him stay. In a moment he relented and went up to her.

She was standing with Lord Rockminster and one or two other men near one of the long windows.

Bourchier asked for a dance, which was graciously accorded to him, but when the long-for time came round he sought in vain for the graceful figure dressed in pink as a Watteau shepherdess. Just as the last chords of the waltz were being played, he caught sight of her emerging from a distant conservatory on Rockminster's arm. Bourchier went straight up to the pair.

"The last was our dance, I think," Mrs. Ormskirk, he said in a voice that struggled to be calm, but only succeeded in being reproachful.

There was a flush on Rosalie's cheek, and a subdued sparkle in her eyes as she answered:

"I am so sorry, Maj. Bourchier. And now," she added quickly, "I am going to ask you to give me your arm to my carriage. I am tired, and want to go home."

Lord Rockminster frowned, and murmured a few words into her ear which Bourchier could not catch, but Mrs. Ormskirk's silvery tones were so clear that he could not avoid hearing her reply:

"Yes, to-morrow."

Then she dropped Lord Rockminster's arm and took Bourchier's with a slight air of embarrassment.

"You are leaving early, Mrs. Ormskirk," he said coldly.

"Yes, I am tired," she replied briefly. "Let us make our way downstairs at once."

But when Mrs. Ormskirk's carriage drove up a slight contretemps occurred. The footman proved to be in a state of hopeless intoxication. Bourchier at once informed Rosalie of the state of affairs, adding that it would be better to dispense with his services altogether.

"It is really too provoking," she said. "Maj. Bourchier, I must ask you to drive home with me. I am in a most laughable predicament. Do you understand how to work a lift?"

Bourchier started, and then hesitated a moment. "Yes, I think so."

"That is fortunate," she said in a relieved tone. "At Megatherium mansions the lift-man is often not to be found so late as this."

"I am too nervous to work the lift myself," Bourchier was naturally overjoyed to do her this trifling service, and he felt that the late-a-tete drive to Megatherium mansions would almost immediately find its way to that coveted valley. He seated himself with alacrity in the widow's cozy brougham, and they were driven off rapidly—too rapidly, he thought—to their destination.

As Mrs. Ormskirk had surmised, the lift-man was nowhere to be found, and the porter, who could not leave his post, being the only creature about at that late hour.

"I must ask you to escort me to the seventh floor," said Rosalie, smiling, as she seated herself in the lift. A small lamp lighted the machine, and she saw down on her piquant face, piquant face and radiant eyes.

"The lift was a dismal failure, wasn't it?" she said, looking up at him as he worked the ropes.

"Yes—no—not altogether," he answered, losing his head somewhat. "It would have been the happiest evening of my life if—"

He stopped and fixed his eyes on her face.

"Yes, Maj. Bourchier," she queried softly; "if what?"

"If you had not chattered me out of my wits, Rosalie," he burst out impulsively.

Mrs. Ormskirk blushed and lingered her fan nervously.

"Oh! Rosalie," he said, dropping the rope and seating himself at her side, "I wish you play with me like this! You know I love you. You know I have loved you for years!"

He had seized one of her small hands and pressed it to his lips before she could withdraw it. He had forgotten all about the danger of precipitancy. "Rosalie, listen to me!"

"Not now—not here!" she interrupted with a touch of her old coquetry. "Fancy any one having the hardihood to make a declaration of love—in a lift! And you used to be so—so romantic!"

"What does it matter where or when one speaks if the love is genuine? I love you truly, Rosalie, and I have been very patient, but I could not bear to see that idiot Rockminster—"

"Maj. Bourchier, I can not allow you to speak in that tone of one who may one day be my husband. Lord Rockminster proposed to me this evening," she said.

"And you accepted him?"

"Well, not exactly," she replied with a smile. "But I may be asked to please him in answer yet. I shall to-morrow."

This, then, was what she meant when she spoke those two words to Rockminster. Bourchier's face turned red with anger.

"Rosalie," he said hotly, "you are a heartless coquette! I have done you a wrong, but I am not a villain!"

"I am indeed sorry you should think so badly of me, Maj. Bourchier. But," she added, with the slightest touch of sarcasm, "that is no reason why you should keep me a prisoner to tell me so. The lift is at a standstill."

It was true. In his eagerness Bourchier had dropped the rope, and the lift was stationary.

"I won't keep you prisoner a moment longer than I can help," Mrs. Ormskirk, he said, jumping up. He pulled the rope vigorously, but the lift did not move.

"Don't you understand the mechanism?" cried Rosalie, in sudden alarm.

"Yes, of course," he retorted, a trifle irritably. "But—but there seems something wrong with it!"

Mrs. Ormskirk sprang to her feet with a little scream of terror.

"Oh! Maj. Bourchier, we shall be killed! I know we shall. There is something wrong with the lift! We may be dashed to pieces!"

"Oh! what will become of us?" she wailed, her hands outstretched in prayer.

"What do you think? Do you know it is a hydraulic lift? If so, the stoppage may be caused by the failure of the water!"

"I don't know—I don't know what an hydraulic lift is," moaned Rosalie, sobbing. "Such a thing has never happened before. Oh! Vincent, can't you do something?"

"Would to heaven I could. I would die for you gladly."

"I don't know about dying for me," she sobbed out, "but—but there seems a very good chance of your dying with me!"

"Bourchier said, 'I would die for you gladly.'"

"How do you know? Why, any minute we may be dashed to pieces! I have heard of such things."

His arm was round her waist; in her terror she did not seem to notice it—at least, she made no attempt to withdraw herself from his embrace.

"I sense all the more entrancing now, of course," he ventured to say, trying not to speak too loudly. "You were always ambitious, Rosalie, and as a poetess—"

"Who told you I was going to be a poetess?" she retorted with spirit. "If you are to take advantage of my position to—to bully me!"

"My darling, such an idea never crossed my brain. I love you far too well," interrupted Bourchier, with his lips close to her pretty ear. The temptation was irresistible. He kissed her wet cheek once, twice, and then, as she did not attempt to move, her fresh, rosy lips. "Rosalie, do you love me?"

She was silent save for a slight catching of her breath, that might have been either a sigh or a sob.

"You will not marry Rockminster, will you? You will marry me," he went on, passionately. "No one loves you as I do, Rosalie. Think of it! I have loved you for ten long years!"

"Is that true?" she whispered in her most musical tones.

"I swear it. Will you marry me, Rosalie?"

"If—if I ever get out of the lift—I—may."

"The lift! I love the lift!" cried Bourchier, enthusiastically. "Why, but for it—"

"I might have married Lord Rockminster," she said, with an old little laugh. "You told me I was ambitious!"

"Poor Rockminster! and happy me!" laughed Bourchier.

"But I want to get out, said Rosalie, with some return—real or assumed—of her fears. "It is almost as bad as the Black Hole of Calcutta."

Just then the lift gave a violent lurch. Mrs. Ormskirk screamed and buried her face in her handkerchief. Bourchier jumped up and caught hold of the rope, and in a moment the machine glided smoothly upward.

"Come, Rosalie," said he, smiling, as they stopped at the seventh floor. "Alla well! that ends well. You have only been a prisoner for one short half-hour; I am going to put on chains for life—chains of roses, of course," he added lightly. "You have had a frightful experience—a wife—thanks to that delightful institution, the lift!"

THE MANUFACTURE OF POISON.

Extraordinary Quantities Made—Mystery of Their Employment—A Question.

[Chambers's Journal.]

Not the least interesting of many curious features connected with the production and consumption of certain poisons is the extraordinary quantities that are in some instances manufactured. What becomes of them? It is comparatively easy to understand what is implied by 1000 Winchester cartridges of chloroform and 1000 or even 10,000 ounces of morphia; but what of a poison like chlorel?

It has already been stated that chlorel is at present being manufactured by the hundredweight, and that the quantity of it is a matter of fact, far short of the reality, as one German manufacturer recently admitted the production of half a ton weekly in his laboratory alone. There is no recognized standard for the consumption of this substance saving that of internal administration, and we confess the imagination gets baffled in endeavoring to estimate the hundreds of thousands of pain-stricken weary mortals who must swallow an immense number of half tons weekly, in doses of twenty or thirty, or at the most forty grains each.

A number of years ago something little short of a panic was occasioned by attention having been called to the fact that strychnine was being manufactured in enormous quantities, 1,000 ounces having been known to be purchased at one time. What became of this extraordinary quantity was the question that, until its use in the manufacture of a medicine, its use is necessarily very limited, and its use in the manufacture of a medicine is necessarily very limited, and its use in the manufacture of a medicine is necessarily very limited.

Tea drinkers will be interested in the statement that 500,000 pounds of willow leaves disguised as tea were shipped to America from Shanghai last year—and this notwithstanding a law to prevent such importations.

Constitution of the Syrian Horse.

An interesting statement is made by Col. Barrow, who was the chief organizer of mounted infantry in the British campaigns in the Sudan. The horses for the Nineteenth Hussars were Arab stallions of fourteen hands, whose average age was between 8 and 9 years, bought in Syria and lower Egypt. Out of 350 horses, during nine months in a hard campaign, only twelve died from disease. This he attributes, firstly, to the climate of the Sudan, being most suitable for horses, and, secondly, to the Syrian horse having a wonderful constitution.

The distance marched, irrespective of reconnaissance, etc., was over 1,500 miles; and the weight carried averaged 196 pounds. The weather during the last four months was very trying, food was often limited, and during the desert march water was very scarce. When Gen. Stewart's column made its final advance, the 155 horses the Nineteenth had with them marched to the Nile without having received a drop of water for fifty-five hours, and only one pound of grain. Some fifty or twenty had no water for seventy hours. At the end of the campaign, and after a week's rest, the animals were handed over to the Twentieth Hussars at Assuan in as good order as when they left Wady-Halfa nine months previously.—Chicago Tribune.

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## NEW GROCERY.

I have opened a New Grocery at

NO. 45 WEST MAIN STREET, Where I will keep constantly on hand a supply of

Fresh, Fancy and Family Groceries,

Which I will sell for Cash, or Exchange for

COUNTRY PRODUCE

At Cash Prices,

Thos. Irving.

LOAN OFFICE

McHartstein

Real Estate Broker and Auctioneer,

OTIS W. SNYDER,

HORSESHOEING

General Blacksmithing

J. S. HANCOCK.

Highest Honor

World's Exposition

Business

EDUCATION

ASHLAND HOUSE,

W. H. BOSWELL,

SUCCESSOR TO

F. K. BOSWELL & SON, PROP'S.

T. B. WOOD,

Druggist,

47 E. MAIN ST.

Allen & Thompson.

Successors to Geo. A. Shely.

Soap



*Charles L. Moore*  
Editor

## A PERPLEXING SITUATION.

Gov. Knorr's letter to the Legislature on the penitentiary question discloses a most remarkable state of affairs in that institution. All the machinery, implements, and even the beds on which the convicts sleep belong to the contractors. The State owns the buildings, the boilers and engines and a few old hemp looms, and nothing else. The State does not own a pound of meat or an ounce of flour on which to feed the convicts, and there is not a dollar's worth of material on which to employ the convicts, and to "cap the climax" the State has no money with which to pay anything. It will cost \$370 a day to feed the convicts and pay expenses, or \$137,304 for a year. The constitution prohibits the State from borrowing another dollar; claims against the treasury have already been deferred six months; every cent that is expected to be available for sixty days must go to the school fund, and what is the State going to do with the convicts in the meantime?

There is manifestly nothing that can be done but to let them starve to death or for the Governor to turn every one of them loose on the community by wholesale pardons.

The next best thing might be for the Legislature to enact a law providing for the convicts to be turned out on a "ticket-of-leave," as it is termed in England. By this form of furlough the English convicts are, on good behavior, turned out of prison, and required to report to certain officials at stated times. They may be turned into any jail on proof of bad conduct, and the "ticket-of-leave" is thereby revoked.

In this exceedingly perplexing situation in the Kentucky penitentiary the Legislature might provide for a "ticket-of-leave" for all convicts in for crimes other than treason, murder, arson and rape, and thus find relief in the only possible way that is visible. This is rendered more imperative from the fact that when Mason & Co., return the leased convicts there will be fully 1,100 within the walls of the penitentiary. On this point Gov. Knorr says: "This, in my judgment, would be a popular calamity. It suggests possibilities at which humanity revolts with instinctive horror. There are, all told, 744 cells in the penitentiary for male prisoners. Of these but 648 are available, and they are barely sufficient for one convict each. The remaining 96 are totally unfit for occupancy except in the mildest weather. Therefore, unless some provisions shall be made for their accommodation, over 1,000 convicts must be crowded into quarters scarcely sufficient for 648. In other words, over 700 human beings must be manured by couples in cells only 3 ft. 9 inches wide, 6 ft. 3 inches high and 6 feet 8 inches long, furnishing under the most favorable circumstances air sufficient for a single person only. If you would realize the horrible results which must ensue from such condition of things, you have but to refer to the horrible history of squalor, misery, crime, disease and death disclosed by the investigation of the condition of the penitentiary made by your predecessors in the winter of 1879-80."

With such facts staring them in the face we do not see why legislators should hesitate a moment in adopting the "ticket-of-leave" plan. It would probably set loose 75 per cent of the convicts who are in for minor offenses, and give the State a breathing spell and an opportunity to make suitable provision for the poor wretches who fall into the clutches of the law.

But, no matter what is done, the Legislature should abolish the odious lease system, by which convict labor is brought into ruinous competition with the honest wage-workers of our State.

The House of Representatives was disbanded again yesterday to enable

the architect to place props under the floor. The legislators will carry soft cushions and step-ladders hereafter; the former to make the fall easy and the latter to enable them to climb out after the stiffs under the floor give away.

It looks as if the State officers in connection with Mason & Co., are determined to bully the Legislature into dismissing penitentiary Warden South. The Board dismissed South, who went to work and secured the sympathy of the Legislature; the Governor and the other members of the Board standing too high on their dignity to endeavor to have their side of the case presented to the Legislators. Now that South has been vindicated by the Legislature the convict lessees hasten to announce their determination of throwing off on their contract, well knowing the situation in which they thereby place the State, and doubtless relying on this as a means of compelling the Legislature to turn South out. The Governor suddenly sees the perplexities of the situation and delivers a message to the Legislature describing its horrors in graphic language. He doubtless knew all the facts just as well a month ago as he does to-day, and the withdrawal of Mason & Co., coupled with his message, seems to convey the plain hint that the Legislature can do only one thing, and that is dismiss South.

The question is a tough one. If the Legislature does not want to double on its record, it can provide a "ticket-of-leave" law, which is about all that is left for it to do. This would be an experiment that would be watched with decided interest, but it is the only visible way out of the dilemma. It is the penalty for incompetent and botchwork legislation, and is notice to the people that they will best serve their interests by electing good and judicious men to the Legislature hereafter.

It was while Judge MULLIGAN was speaking that the State House floor began to wobble. This is a great compliment to the Judge's powers of oratory, and we leave faith in his ability to shake the capital over to Lexington. In the language of TANDY HUGHES, "the Judge is a hummer." All that Lexington can desire is for him to keep pegging away at Capital removal.

The Law and Order Club of wicked Cincinnati has gained a victory of the greatest importance to their cause. The Governor has removed the corrupt police commissioners who refused to allow the arrest of theatrical people who violated the Sunday laws by giving Sunday entertainments. This is giving the devil another black eye. Lay on, Sam Jones!

Hon. M. C. ALFORD has introduced in the State Senate a bill to amend the charter of Lexington. We are informed that it provides for a Board of Aldermen, a Police and Fire Commission, and an extension of the time for paying the capitation tax, in addition to some other items of minor importance. The bill was prepared after due consultation with many well-posted citizens of Lexington, and it will doubtless pass both Houses in time to select officers in March.

**The Right Thing to do.**  
The Frankfort Correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commonwealth* says: "From bridges to breaks is a transition easily made, especially to one who stood in the lobby the other day when the floor of the House began to wobble. Col. Mulligan was speaking at the time, and as the shaking continued, and the occupants of the lobbies fled in dismay, the gallant Colonel moved that the balance of the session be held in the new courthouse in the beautiful Bluegrass city of Lexington. The motion didn't prevail, but the motion to adjourn till to-morrow did. Meanwhile, an architect is examining to see how big the bill can be made for repairs. Two years ago the east side of the Chamber, just over Tom Henry's deputy's office, gave way and was propped up. This year the west end sinks, and the supposition is that the floor is playing both ends against the middle, as has been done by the Legislators for 100 years. If, however, the tumbling and cracking of the old shell continues until the building lies a mass of ruins, much thanks would be due. The way would be open for a removal to Lexington, and an escape from the Frankfort malaria, which is too far above proof."

**The Turkey crop.**  
The firm of Speyer Bros. have collected during the last three months in Central Kentucky 110,000 pounds of body turkey feathers and 40,000 pounds of quills. The vast number of these fine fowls raised in this section can be estimated when the fact is known that a single bird does not produce more than a half pound of feathers.

## OUR SENATE.

What this Branch of the Legislature is Doing.

A Bill Looking to Increased Taxation Of Banks.

## OTHER BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 3.—Leave was granted to bring in the following bills:

A bill to require persons selling oleomargarine to disclose its true character and sell it as such. Public Health.

A bill requiring all banks in the Commonwealth to list and pay taxes on the fair cash value of all their real and personal property for State, county and municipal purposes at the same rate that is now assessed and collected, or which may hereafter be assessed and collected from other real and personal property in this State, any privileges in any charter to the contrary notwithstanding. Judiciary.

Honorable Bill No. 165, making seduction a felony, was taken up. Passed.

Mr. Bryan presented a communication from Mason-Ford Company, lessees of the convict labor of the State, addressed to the General Assembly of Kentucky, which, after objection, was ordered read for information. The communication renewed the demand for release of lessees from their contract for convict labor, for certain reasons stated therein. Mr. Hays moved to refer the communication to the Committee on Penitentiary. Adopted.

A bill to regulate the traffic in spirits, viols or male liquors in this Commonwealth, was taken up from the special orders. Mr. Berry moved to consider the bill in Committee of the whole. Adopted. Mr. Berry was called to the chair and the Senate went into Committee of the whole. Mr. Bash moved that the Committee rise, and that it be reported to the Senate that the Committee desire that the bill be referred to the Committee on Judiciary or its opinion as to the constitutionality of the bill. Adopted. A bill to amend the charter of the Franklin Insurance Company of Louisville. Passed.

Mr. Taubee called up a joint resolution inquiring into the expediency of re-districting the State into judicial districts, and the amendment proposed by the House. The Senate concurred in the amendment of the House.

A bill to punish certain offenses by stripes reported adversely. Motion was made striking out all offenses but wife-beating. On motion of Mr. Gilbert the bill and amendments were recommitted to Committee on General Statutes.

House Bill No. 397, relating to the amendment of the charter of the town of Winchester. Passed.

Mr. Burnett, General Statutes.—A bill providing for the recording of attachments in certain cases, with amendment, and the Senate then adjourned.

## TO THE READERS AND FRIENDS OF THE BLADE.

A number of persons have kindly asked me to send them my paper and I have kept a list of their names, but until the time of its first issue I have solicited no subscribers. The circulation of the *BLADE* will therefore be begun by being sent to the persons who may receive it, hoping, of course, that they will pay me for it, but claiming no advantage of the newspaper law which I deem an unjust one, which requires one to pay for a paper that he may take from an office, and which may have been sent to him without his order. To such persons as conclude to take the *BLADE*, I would say that I will thank them to remit to me or hand me the one dollar subscription money at their earliest convenience. To those who feel doubtful about the propriety of taking the paper I would say that I will take it as a kindness if they will allow it to come to them until they determine about it, and then inform me accordingly. The *BLADE* will be sent with this understanding to the almost entire list who subscribed to the Lexington Daily Observer through my solicitation, and to another list that I have made out from others generally resident in the country and adjoining towns of the Bluegrass Region, and to various remote parts of the United States. It is my purpose in this way regularly to extend the circulation of the *BLADE* each week, and I will be glad if my personal friends, or the friends of the *BLADE*, will suggest to me orally or by note, the names of persons to whom I might send it on the conditions with some probability of gaining their patronage. I think the public may safely regard the *BLADE* as being upon a permanent foundation, and I will take pleasure in giving any information with reference thereto that may be asked of me.

The Editor.

**Money Wanted.**  
All knowing themselves indebted to us will please call and settle, as we must have our money. All accounts that have been standing six months and longer, if not paid in 30 days, will be placed in the hands of a collector for settlement.

A. B. CHINN & CO.  
A. B. Chinn & Co. are selling one hundred dollars worth of winter goods at cost to reduce stock.

## THE "BEAUTIFUL."

The Heaviest Snowfall in Many Years.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—The storm continued with little abatement all night, and it is undoubtedly the worst storm New York has experienced since 1878, streets being rapidly filled with snow and the street cars are pulled along with great difficulty. A strike upon a number of the roads tends to overcrowd the elevated roads.

LYNSBURG, Va., Feb. 4.—The snow is twelve inches deep, and all railroad communication is interrupted. Reports from the Southwest portion of the State indicate unparalleled storms, the snow being from two to three feet deep.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 4.—The snowfall here is seventeen inches deep, being the heaviest since 1856. Trains from every direction are delayed, and navigation on the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries is entirely suspended.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—To-day there are reports that snow is drifting on some of the roads, and it is to be that more trouble will be given by the drifts in cuts, but everything will be done to keep the roads open. All the western trains due here last night arrived about four hours late, those arriving this morning are an hour late.

## CAPITAL REMOVAL.

The Proposition Has Received More Favor This Winter Than Ever Before.

The Buildings a Disgrace to the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

From the Frankfort Capital.

A number of circumstances have conspired of late to put the Legislature in a bad humor, and agitate that aged question, the "Capital removal." It is not the *Capital Newspaper*, or the *Capital Brewery*, or the *Capital Hotel*, or the *Capital Photograph Gallery*, but the *Capital City*, that they talk about removing. The proposition has received more favor this winter than ever before, because, as friends of the removal state, the present accommodations for legislative work are wholly inadequate, and will never be replaced by better ones, as long as the seat of Government remains where it is. The difficulty that lies in the way of moving the Capital is a financial one. The State cannot afford the expense incident to such an undertaking, at this time. In answer to this it is urged that either Lexington or Louisville will undertake the entire expenses of removal, or of providing suitable buildings, and donate, besides, the ground to the State. The present Capital is a disgrace to the State, and a number of Legislators have patriotically announced that they will vote for anything proposed, rather than consign them selves or their successors to another term within its walls.

## A Black Eye for Local Option.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 4.—A decision was rendered in the State Supreme Court yesterday which the leading attorneys claim will have the effect of annulling local option in this State. It was a case where beer is kept by a brewer and delivered to customers by their agent, may be done under United States law, and it was claimed that the sale was made at the brewery and not at the agent's residence. The Supreme court upholds the view.

## Bob Indignant.

Col. Bob Sandusky is indignant at the newspapers for publishing the report that he suicided. Although no one wants to die, we think Col. Bob ought to feel complimented over the number of nice obituary notices he received. If ever a man was sent on the long journey in first-class style, he was. We fail to see room for indignation, when his newspaper friends punctuated every line of the obituaries with a tear. It isn't every man who gets a good farewell.

## Going to Get Well.

Mike Gurnley, who was shot in the stomach by John Walsh, has rallied from the shock and is now getting along as well as can be expected. His physician says he thinks he will get well. The wound is about an inch to the left of the navel, and the physician thinks it likely the ball did not go straight in, but struck the covering of the bowels and glanced around. If this is true, his chances of recovery are good.

## A Sweet Assembly.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—Eighteen firms engaged in the fruit-preserving business in Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Peoria, St. Louis and Chicago were represented at the meeting here yesterday. The meeting was for the purpose of forming an Association similar to those of other manufacturing industries.

## Winter Goods Cheap.

In the nick of time comes the advertisement of Messrs. A. B. Chinn & Co. to sell a large stock of blankets, woolen and other winter wear at a cost. One dollar now, if paid here is worth as much as a dollar and a half spent before the closing sale begins.

The Democrats in Kentucky have been defeated with heavy losses by the British.

## A NEW DEPARTURE IN PUBLIC SALES

Quality, not Quantity, the Motto.

W. R. BRASFIELD'S

Lexington Combination Sale Of

186

Select Horses.

LEXINGTON, KY.

February 23, 24, 25, 1886.

Consisting of High-bred, trotting stallions, Coats, fillies and brood mares, the get of the most noted sires in the world. The consignments are from the prominent breeders of the country, and are choice selections from their respective studs. I have determined to give more attention to the quality and high breeding of the stock in my sales, and my relations with the various prominent breeders of the country will enable me to do so successfully. I am confident no public sale has contained a finer lot of horses than is now offered. They represent the great sires, George Wilkes, Dictator, Hambrino Patchen, Almont, Strathmore, Daniel Lambert, American Clay, Jay Gould, Belmont, Blackwood, Clark Chief, Jay Bird, Lambs, Yeoman, Robert, Governor Sprague, Ashland, Chief, Onward, Ted Wilkes, Stagshead, Alyson, Sarcod, Hambrino, Jossell, Princeps, Ruffed, Hambrino, Hambrino and other noted sires. Sale positive, rain or shine, without reservation or break. Catalogues now ready. Apply to

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